



# The Marshal

BY  
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*The Better Treasure*, etc.  
Illustrations by ELLSWORTH YOUNG

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CHAPTER XXX CONTINUED

Pietro talked on, the silent murmur, as if delivering a lecture. He had read much and thought much; it was seldom he spoke of the speculations which often filled his scholarly mind; today it seemed easy to talk of everything. Joy had set wide all the doors of his being. Alixe opened her eyes in astonishment.

"Pietro! You are talking like a book! But it is true; something of that sort has come to me, too—which



Suddenly a Thought Shook Him.

proves it to be true. I have felt always that Francois had notes in him which are not on our planes." Pietro smiled, looking at her.

"And yet, Alixe, you do not love Francois, with all these gifts and all his power over hearts—but only commonplaces!"

Alixe straightened against his arm. "Monsieur the Marquis Zappi, the gentleman I care for, is not commonplace. I thank you not to say it," she said at him, and then, melting to a sudden intensity, she put a hand on each side of his dark face and spoke earnestly. "Pietro, dear, listen. I believe I always cared for you. When I was little I hurt me to have Francois forever the one to do the daring things. Do you remember how I used to scold at you because you would not fight him?" Pietro smiled again. "Then he was captain of the school and you only a private, and I cried about that when I was alone at night. And when you went off to Italy so quietly, with never a word said about the danger, I did not know that you were doing a fine deed—I thought it a commonplace that you should go back to your country, till Francois opened my eyes."

"Francois!" Pietro asked.

"Yes. The day before he went to join you were riding together and he told me what it meant to be a patriot in Italy under the Austrians. That day I realized how unbearable it would be if anything happened to you. But I thought I cared for Francois; if he had spoken that day I should have told him that I cared for him. But he did not; he went—and was in prison five years."

"And all that time I believed you loved him, and were mourning for him," Pietro said gently.

"I half believed it too," Alixe answered. "Yet all the time I was jealous for you, Pietro, for it was still Francois who was the hero—not you. Then when there came a question of the rescue I was mad with the desire to have you do it—and you did it!"

Her voice dropped. She laid her hand against his shoulder and spoke, in a quick cautious way.

"But all that is immaterial. I just love you—that's the point." A moment later she spoke again. "I want to finish telling you—and then we need never speak of it again. I did think you were commonplace. And yet I knew in my heart you were not, for I resented your seeming so. So I urged you into danger. I wanted you to be a hero. I had that echo of a schoolgirl's romance about Francois in my mind, and I clung, all along, to the idea that I loved him and that perhaps he secretly loved me but would not say it because he was poor and a peasant; that he was waiting till his future was made. Then, one day, only the other day, he told me that he had asked three wishes of life—of the good fairies he said. One was to make Prince Louis Emperor, one was to be Marshal of France; the third—she stopped.

"What?" Pietro demanded, his mouth a bit rigid.

Alixe flushed and smiled and took Pietro's big hand and covered her eyes with it. "That I should—love you, Monsieur. He said he had wished that all his life."

"May heaven grant him his wish," said Pietro fervently, and then, reflecting, "It seems a strange wish for Francois. You are sure, Alixe?"

"Yes, he said so," Alixe insisted. "Our dear Francois," she went on softly, and the blue intensity of her eyes grew misty. "Dear Francois," she repeated, "it is only he who could have had those three wishes. The single one that was for himself was not because he cared for it himself, but because it was the Emperor's prophecy."

"I always thought," Pietro spoke slowly, "that it was not just for himself that he wished to be a Marshal some day, but because it might make him, in a manner, your equal. It was for you."

"For me?" Alixe was astonished. "I never thought of that. I think you thought of it, Pietro, only because you cared for me—and thought Francois must care also."

"Yes, I thought he cared," Pietro

considered. "I can not believe other-wise yet."

"You may believe it," Alixe was firm. "For he said that what he had wished always was that I should—love you. I did it mostly to please Francois," she added merrily.

And Pietro's response to that was apt, but not to be given here. The minds of these two happy lovers were full of that third wish which had been so close always, to each of them.

"Pietro," Alixe spoke earnestly, coming back to the same subject, "you know that I love Francois—of course. But you do not know in what way. I love him as if he were one of the saints—but also as if he were a helpless little child. Yet not—Pietro—as if he were—the man I love. I would give my life for him in a rush of delight, if he needed it. But I know now, whatever were my vague dreams in past years, that it is not in Francois to care for a woman as a human man."

"I am not so sure," said Pietro, and shook his head.

"You know I am not abusing our Francois," Alixe protested. "Why, Pietro, my father believes, and I believe, that if affairs should so happen that he has his opportunity he may yet be one of the great characters in history. My father says he is made up of inspirations, illuminations—and illuminations."

"Yes," said Pietro thoughtfully. "He has the faults of brilliancy and fearlessness. He judges too rapidly. If he were afraid over—if he saw the other side of a question over, his judgment would be safer. It may well happen that he will be one of the great men of Europe; it may also happen that by some single act of mismanagement he will throw away his career—or his life. God keep him safe!" Pietro said solemnly.

And Alixe echoed it—"God keep him safe!" And then, "I am going to write him, Pietro—about us. My father knows where to reach him at Loulogne. I am going to say just a word—that what he has wished for all his life is true. It will get to him the night before the battle."

"Are you sure you are right, Alixe?" Pietro asked doubtfully.

"Sure," said Alixe buoyantly.

"Give him my love, then," said Pietro.

## CHAPTER XXXI.

### The Night Before.

Out in the dark, in the harbor of Boulogne, the ship *Edinburgh Castle* lay rocking in the wind. Prince Louis Bonaparte, who had chartered her, and the handful of his followers who had sailed with him on her from England had disembarked quietly at twilight, and in small companies had succeeded in entering the town and the quarters of the officers who were, in France, the nucleus and the hope of their attempt. In the rooms of Lieutenant Aladenize, the host of the Prince, a short council had been held to go over once more the plans which had been discussed and settled by letter for weeks already. The work was carefully arranged; there was almost nothing to be changed, and the little company of men who were trying to large a fate, scattered, with grave faces, with quiet good nights to the Prince who might tomorrow be their Emperor, to the Prince for whose sake they might tomorrow night be any or all ruined men or dead men.

He sat erect and listened. There he was brushing clothes with energy in the bedroom, and through another door there came a light sound of a paper turned, of a gay song sung softly. And a glow suddenly warmed the Prince's heart; here was some one who had known his mother, who had been, indeed, for a few days her son; here was some one who cared for him, he believed it, with a half-consuming flame of devotion. Since the man's arrival from Virgula six weeks before, to have him near himself had been a pleasure to Louis Bonaparte; he seemed to bring back the freshness of his early days, of the young confidence when his star shone for him, distant perhaps, but undimmed by the black clouds which drove now across it. He was a bit superstitious about Francois as well, with an idea, which he spoke to no one, that a pivotal interest of his career rested in the modest figure.

He rose, this night in Boulogne, as the paper rustled and the little French provincial chanson sounded from the room where Francois Beaupre, now his secretary, had been installed, and stopped to the closed door.

"De tous cotes l'on que je suis bete."

Francois sang softly. The Prince smiled. As he opened the door the singing stopped; the young man sprang respectfully to his feet, a letter grasped in his hand, and stood waiting.

"Sire!" he said.

Prince Louis flung out his hand with a gesture of impulsiveness strange to his controlled manner, yet not out of drawing to those who knew him well. "Ah, Francois," he cried. "Let the titles go for tonight. Say, 'Louis,' as on that day when we first saw each other; when the four children played together in the old chateau ruins. And Francois smiled his radiant exquisite smile and answered quietly. "But yes, my brother—Louis." And went on, "I believe I shall not sleep tonight, Louis. I believe I am too happy to sleep."

As one reads a novel for relaxation in the strain of a critical business affair, Prince Louis caught at the distraction of this side issue. The next morning was planned to the last detail; there was nothing to do till daylight, yet he could not sleep at present. Here was a romance of some sort. He sank back on the cushions of the coach of Lieutenant Aladenize's smoking room and put his feet up luxuriously, and slowly lighted a cigar of Havana.

"Tell me," he ordered, and the gentleness of appeal was in the order.

"Sire!" the young man began—and corrected himself. "Louis," he said.

The Prince smiled dimly. "Since our landing I have known that a wonderful thing has happened to me. It is—he spoke lower—"It is the love of the woman who is to me the only one in the world."

"I congratulate you, mon ami, and said gently. "Is it by any chance the delightful little Mademoiselle Alixe of the old chateau?"

Beaupre turned scarlet. He was a marvelous man, this Prince Louis. How had he guessed? "She loves me—I have here a letter in which she tells me that she loves me. Will his Highness read it?" With an impetuous step forward he held the paper toward Louis Napoleon.

"I thank you," the Prince said gravely. He read:

"Francois, what you have wished all your life is true. The good fairies have granted one of your wishes before the battle. That they will give you the other two on this day of the battle is the belief of your

"ALIXE."

And below was written hurriedly, "Pietro sends his love."

The Prince gave back the letter with a respectful hand; then looked at Francois inquiringly. "What you have wished all your life, mon ami?" Francois laughed happily. "One must explain, if it will not tire his Highness." And he told, in a few words, of that day when his self-restraint had given way and how, when his guard was down and he was on the point of telling his lifelong secret love, some spirit of perversity—but Francois did not know it was an angel—had caught Alixe, and she had accused him of wishing always that she might love Pietro. And how, meshed in that same net of hurt recklessness, he had answered in her own manner—"Yes," he had said, "it was that which had been the wish of his life—that Alixe might love Pietro!" And Francois laughed gaily, telling the simple entanglement to the Prince, the night before, the battle.

"One sees how she is quick and clear-sighted, my Alixe," he said. "For she knew well even then it was not that I wished."

He stopped, for in the quiet contained look of the listener an intangible something struck a chill to his delicately-poised sensitiveness. "What is it, Louis?" he cried out. "You do not think I mistake her—mistake Alixe?"

Prince Louis saw the dawning of consternation. Rapidly he considered. Was it well to take away a man's happiness and courage just before a fight? He remembered some words of Francois spoken three years before, words whose dramatic beauty had struck him. "When a knight of the old time went into battle," the young man had said, "he wore on his helmet the badge of his lady, and the thought of her in his heart. A man fights better so." Very well. This blind knight should have his letter, with the meaning he had read into it, for his lady's badge, and he should fight tomorrow with the thought of her in his heart. The letter suggested another meaning to sophisticated Louis Bonaparte, but there he had no need to hasten the feet of unhappiness. The resonant French voice spoke at last in an unused accent of cordiality and the Prince fled, with ungrudging graciousness.

"Mistaken, my Francois! Not at all. The little billet-doux breathes love for



"Soldiers! The Honor of Beginning a New Empire Shall Be Yours!"

you in each line—there is no question! But, mon ami, you have not finished your story." So Francois explained about the letter left with Lucy Hampton and its premature sending. "That has reached her now—she knows now that I love her, she knows what has really been my lifelong wish—she has hurried this," and his hand crushed the note tenderly—"she has hurried this to me before the fight—that I might know her love also—that I might fight better for you, my Prince—Louis—with that joy in my heart."

Prince Louis, his head thrown back, his expressionless eyes watching the rings of smoke which he puffed from his mouth—ring after ring, mounting in dream-like procession to the low ceiling, considered again. Somewhere in the chain of events of this love affair his keen practical sense felt a link that did not fit—a link forced into connection. Vaguely he discerned how it was—something had happened to the Virginian letter—there had been a confusion somewhere. To him the four words of Alixe's postscript were final. "Pietro sends his love." A subconscious reasoning made him certain that Pietro would not have come into such a letter if it had been indeed a love-letter; that the three lines of writing just before the battle could not have held another man's name, if they had been written to the man whom she loved. Very dimly, very surely the Prince concluded these things; and then he lowered his cigar, and his gray did eyes came down from the ceiling and rested, kindly on the radiant face. "You are right, my friend. It was an exquisite thought of your lady-love to put this other weapon, this bright sword of happiness into your hand, to fight with tomorrow. Mon Dieu, we will reward her by sending her back a Marshal's baton by you; a Marshal's baton tomorrow, Francois! How would it sound, for example, to say 'Madame la Maréchale'?"

The light from Francois' eyes was like a lamp.

"My Prince—Sire—there are three things I have desired all my life, all great things, but of them that one—the baton of a Marshal—is the least

if I might win her love—I have said; if I might help put you in Napoleon's place and shout 'Vive l'Empereur' for you on the throne of France; if I might fulfill the Emperor's prophecy and be not a 'Marshal some day' any longer but a Marshal of your empire—it is asking much of one lifetime, above all for a man born a peasant, is it not? Yet of those three wishes one wonderful fulfillment has come to me"—he gripped his latter closer—"and one, I believe tomorrow brings. Before tomorrow night"—his great eyes were lifted toward the ceiling of the room, and in them was the rapid look of the child of the farm-house in the Jura, a look of a seer of visions, a look that caught at the Prince's nerves, and made him draw a breath quickly. "Something above myself tells me," Francois said slowly, and the words came with a languid power, as if his personality were a medium, "that before tomorrow night the officers who stand about you shall hail you Emperor over the body of a man who lies before you."

In the silence, the Prince's watch could be heard ticking. Francois shivered violently.

"Ugh!" he said, his teeth chattering. "It gives me a 'crie de coeur,' that trick of vision-seeing. I do not like it, and yet at times it seizes me. Why should it come to a man happy as I am—a man who has dared ask three enormous wishes of the good fairies; who holds one of them in his hand"—he lifted the letter—"who sees another in each ray, and who," he smiled brilliantly, "who will be well content without the third, my Prince, the first two being his." He answered again. "As the night now it is as if I were in a grave, this coldness," he said, looking about with a disturbed gaze, "yet my life is just beginning."

The Prince rose and tossed his cigar to the fireplace. "It is simply that you are tired, Francois," he said in the tranquil tones which he never disturbed. "The nerves of us all are stretched and yours are the finest string. Go to bed, and at daylight you will be warm enough, with the work that awaits us. Sleep well—good night, my friend."

Later, in the darkness of his chamber, Prince Louis lay awake, his imagination filled with the man whose dramatic personality appealed to him as few had ever done. He thought of his own life, according to his lights not a bad life, radically strong and radically gentle, yet complicated, abnormal from its start, with many shadows and many stains; then of the crystal clearness of this other's, with his three wishes in which he trusted as simply as a child would trust to the fairies. A smile almost tender stole across the mask-like features in the dark. "There is no doubt but the girl will marry the marquis," he reflected. "Yet I am glad I left him his hope and his happiness. A vision of Francois' bearded look rose before him.

"A man fights better so," the Prince murmured aloud, and his own sadness forgotten in another man's joy, he fell asleep.

## CHAPTER XXXII.

### The Bugle-Call.

The gray dawn of a Sunday morning began to break over the sleeping city of Boulogne, yet earlier than the dawn anxious eyes opened to watch, and men's hearts beat fast to meet it. Scattered in lodging-houses and barracks Louis Napoleon's followers were waiting before daylight for the part they had to play. No man among them was as quiet, as little nervous as the Prince, yet his as well as every gallant heart of them felt a throb of relief with its bound of excitement when a trumpet from the Austerlitz barracks, the barracks of the fourth artillery, Napoleon's own regiment, suddenly sounded.

It was the signal, and in a moment the Prince and his escort were moving down the dark street toward Colonel Vaudrey's quarters, toward that ringing note not yet died out from the pulsing air.

The city was tranquil when Prince Louis reached the barrack-gate, and the soldier-blood in him rushed in a tide when he saw sixty mounted artillerymen posted at the entrance, and beyond, in the yard, statue-like, warlike, silent, the regiment formed in square. If the fourth artillery followed its colonel, if the day went well, this was the core of his army. Colonel Vaudrey was in the center of the square; the Prince marched quietly to him and as he came, with a sharp simultaneous clatter that was the music of Heaven to his ears, the whole regiment presented arms.

In the glowing light the soldiers who fronted toward him could see that the colorless face turned gray, but that was all, and quickly Colonel Vaudrey spoke to his men.

"Soldiers of the fourth artillery," he said loudly, "a revolution begins today under the nephew of the Emperor Napoleon. He is before you, and comes to lead you. He has returned to his land to give back the people their rights, the army its greatness. He trusts in your courage, your devotion to accomplish this glorious mission. My soldiers, your colonel has answered for you. Shout then with me 'Long live Napoleon! Long live the Emperor!'"

The terse soldierly words were hardly finished when the regiment, strongly Bonapartist always, carried off its feet now by the sight of the Prince, by the honor of being the first to whom he came caught up the cry, and the deep voices sent it rolling down the empty streets. Louis Bonaparte standing erect, motionless, impassive as always, wondered if a pulse might beat harder than his and not break. He held up his hand, and rapidly, yet with lingering shouts of enthusiasm, the tumult quieted. The regiment to its farthest man heard every word of the strong tones.

"Soldiers," he said, "I have come to you first because between you and me there are great memories. With you the Emperor, my uncle, served as captain; with you he won glory at the siege of Toulon; you opened the gates of Grenoble to him when he came back from Elba. Soldiers, the honor of beginning a new empire shall be

yours; yours shall be the honor of snuffing first the eagle of Austerlitz and Wagram." He caught the standard from an officer and held it high. "It is the eagle of French glory; it has shone over every battlefield; it has passed through every capitol of Europe. Soldiers, rally to the eagle! I trust it to you—we will march today against the oppressors, crying 'Long live France!'"

One who has not heard a regiment gone mad can not know how it was. With deafening clatter and roar every sword was drawn and the shrouds new aloft and again and again and again the men's deep voices sent up in broken magnificent chorus the great history cry to which armies had gone into battle.

"Vive l'Empereur! Vive Napoleon!" The souls of a thousand men were on fire with memories and traditions, with a passion of consecration to a cause, and as if the spell of the name grew stronger with its repetition they shouted over and over, in tremendous unison, over and over and over.

"Vive Napoleon! Vive l'Empereur!"

It was necessary at last for the quiet slender young man who was the storm-center to raise his hand again, and with a word, with the glimmer of a smile to speak his gratitude—to stop the storm. There was much to be done. The fourth artillery was but one of several regiments to be gained if the victory were to be complete. Colonel Lombard was dispatched to a printing office with proclamations to be struck off; Lieutenant Lally hurried away to his battalion; a detachment was sent to hold the telegraph office; the tumult once quieted, the yard was a scene of efficient business, for all this had been planned and each officer knew his work. In a very few moments the officers of the third artillery who were with the Prince had hastened to their quarters; another had been sent to arouse the forty-sixth of the line, at the Place d'Alton barracks, and shortly Prince Louis himself was on his way to the same place. "Through the streets of the city, no longer empty, he passed with his officers, and the people poured from their houses, and joined and answered the shouts of the soldiers.

"Vive l'Empereur!" the soldiers cried. "It is the nephew of Napoleon," and the old men threw back, "Vive l'Empereur! It is the son of the honest king of Holland! It is the grandson of Josephine!"

They pressed so close about the small figure in its Swiss uniform of a colonel that for a moment he was separated from his officers, and Colonel Vaudrey, smiling for all his military discipline, was forced to order his mounted artillerymen to clear the road. Every moment an old soldier broke out of the mass and embraced the eagle which Lieutenant du Querelles carried proudly high above all this emotion; the soldiers' eyes flashed with success; the Prince's heart beat high for joy to know that he had not misread the heart of army or people. When the column passed the grandmaster the guard turned out and presented arms, shouting, "Long live the Emperor!" So he went through the streets of Boulogne, Louis Napoleon Bonaparte, eight long years before he came to his own, and marched in triumph and acclamation to a failure.

And close by his side, his look as radiant as the Prince's look was contained and impassive, marched always: Francois Beaupre. The hard-earned military knowledge, the patient toil of preparation had come into play, and in a hundred ways the man had been useful. With no exact rank as yet, but ready at any moment, eager for the hardest task, never asking for rest, quick-witted, resourceful, officers as well as Prince had developed a habit of turning to Beaupre for service after service. And always they were met with a glad consent which encouraged them to ask more until the Prince said:

"It is the case of the willing horse; I will not permit that my right-hand man be worked to death—it must stop."

Today, however, Francois had a definite duty of responsibility. While the Prince marched, gathering strength at every yard, through the town toward the Place d'Alton at its farther side, Colonel Courard of the third artillery had gone to proclaim the great news to his regiment and to hold them ready. In case of success at the Place d'Alton, Beaupre was to go back and bring them to join the Prince. In case of failure they were to be his reserve. The Place d'Alton barracks lay between town and ramparts, to be reached from the town side only by a narrow lane; but the ramparts commanded with a large open space the yard where the soldiers assembled. If the Prince entered from the town side, from the street—Faubourg Pierre—only an escort could go with him. If he went by the ramparts the whole enthusiastic fourth artillery might be at his back. This then was the route chosen.

But as the Prince and the regiment and the swaying shouting mass of citizens made its way toward the quarters, suddenly, too late, the officers about his Highness saw that some one had blundered. Someone in the van a man had lost his head, had forgotten, and the compact inelastic procession had been led toward the approach from the Faubourg Pierre, the narrow lane at the side toward the city. It was a serious mistake, yet not of necessity fatal, and at all events they must make the best of it. The Prince could not make a dramatic entrance at the head of a shouting regiment, but for all that he might win the forty-sixth.

He did win the forty-sixth. Something had happened to the officer sent to arouse them—another slip in the chain—and instead of being drawn up in the yard they were getting ready for Sunday inspection, but they flocked to the windows at the noise, they rushed into the yard at the call of Napoleon. An old sergeant of the Imperial Guard ran forward and kissed Prince Louis' hand, and the re-

CONTINUED ON PAGE 71 AND

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LAUGHS AS HE IS CONVICTED

Jury Finds Schmidt Guilty of First Degree Murder  
COUNSEL CLAIMED INSANITY

Slayer of Anna Ammiller Protested and Will Refuse to Assist in Preparation of Appeal—Pieces of Girl's Body Found in the Hudson, but Head Was Never Recovered

Hans Schmidt was found guilty at New York of murder in the first advanced by his counsel and after the verdict said he would not assist them in any way if they prepared an appeal.

The penalty for the crime is death in the electric chair at Sing Sing prison. He will be sentenced next Wednesday.

Schmidt, whose defense was insanity, laughed when the verdict was pronounced. He had gleefully declared himself guilty and at his arraignment before being held for the supreme court pleaded that he be punished by death. Later he protested against the insanity defense advanced by his counsel and last night said he would not assist them in any way if they prepared an appeal.

"I would rather die tonight than tomorrow," he said. "It is as it should be and as I wish it."

This was the second trial and the jury was out a few minutes less than five hours. At the first trial the jury disagreed. Allotments for prosecution and defense supplied most of the testimony at both trials.

A. G. Keeble of Schmidt's counsel asserted after the verdict that owing to the former priest's persistent silence concerning the crime it had not been possible to place all the facts before the jury. He said Schmidt was not guilty of murder, but had shielded a physician after the woman's death.

He was not murdered, the lawyer declared. If the police could display energy, he said, they could get at the truth. The lawyer was undecided whether he would take an appeal. "Father Schmidt will never go to the electric chair," he said, however.

Anna Ammiller's body was cut up with a knife in Schmidt's flat Sept. 3 last and the pieces, in several bundles, were thrown into the Hudson river, where most of them were found before suspicion was directed against Schmidt. The head was never recovered. Schmidt in his confession to the police said he was commanded to make a "sacrifice" of the Ammiller girl's life by his patron, St. Elizabeth.

OPPOSED BY DEMOCRATS

Equal Suffrage Will Not Receive Their Support at Washington

Equal suffrage is dead and buried as far as the Democratic party is concerned, Majority Leader Underwood indicated to the house.

Charged with choking off the equal suffrage issue through a caucus vote, Underwood replied that the judiciary committee still has power to report the suffrage constitutional amendment.

But he positively refused to throw his influence toward a favorable report from that committee.

"I am not in favor of it," he said. "My party stands for local self-government; the one thing above all others is that right of suffrage should be governed by the state instead of the national government."

SUICIDE IN CHURCH

Ex-Treasurer of North Providence Leaves Instructions For Funeral

On his knees in the chancel of Grace church at Providence, John Ogden, former treasurer of North Providence, drew a revolver and fatally shot himself in the head.

Before he approached the chancel, Ogden had been sitting in a pew in the rear of the church writing in a book, which he handed to one of the deaconesses.

In the book were found notes to his wife and to the superintendent of a mill in which he had been employed as bookkeeper. In the notes Ogden gave instructions for his funeral. No reason for the suicide was given.

PINDELL DECLINES AMBASSADORSHIP

Chance of Chicago Likely to Be Tendered Post in Russia

Henry M. Pindell of Peoria, Ill., who was recently nominated and confirmed as ambassador to Russia, has declined the appointment, according to a letter to the president made public at the White House.

Pindell wrote President Wilson that although the senate had investigated accusations in connection with his appointment, he felt, nevertheless, that no controversy of any kind should surround the appointment of any ambassador, as it was liable to be misunderstood abroad. The president, in a letter of regret, accepted Pindell's declination.

It was understood the president will appoint Pindell to an important post under the administration. To the vacancy caused by Pindell's retirement as ambassador, it is considered certain that Charles R. Crane of Chicago will be named.

CAPTAIN BERRY  
Commander of Nantucket and View of Liner in Dry Dock



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CHARGES AGAINST BERRY

Nantucket's Skipper Will Be Tried by Board of Steamboat Inspectors

Formal charges against Captain Berry of the steamer Nantucket, which sank the liner Monroe with a loss of forty-one lives, were formulated at Norfolk and forwarded to steamboat inspection headquarters. It is said they charge Berry with negligence and misconduct. The board of steamboat inspectors at Philadelphia will try the accused captain.

THE DIVINITY OF CHRIST

Dispute Leads Aided to Give Up Church Federation Presidency

Rev. Dr. Charles F. A. Aled announced he would accede to a demand that he resign as president of the San Francisco Church Federation at the next meeting of the executive committee.

The demand was made by the Presbyterian Ministers' association because of a sermon which Aled preached in his church at San Francisco, the First congregational, last Sunday. He said:

"The faith of Mark, John, James and Paul is good enough for any Christian. These men say nothing about Jesus having come into the world in a miraculous way."

"What do we mean, then, by saying he was divine? There is divinity in us all, but so much more in him that I prefer to call him divine. Perhaps it would be better to speak of the divineness of man and the divinity of Christ."

Cleared of Murder Charge Joseph Galli, an Italian laborer, who has been on trial at Cambridge, Mass., for manslaughter in causing the death of Charles O'Brien of Burlington, was acquitted by Judge Keating.

GENERAL NEWS EVENTS

George Plate, former president of the North German Lloyd steamship line, died at Berlin.

Moving picture films made of inflammable materials are barred from the United States mails by an order just made public.

Sir William Ramsey, scientist, publicly announced at London his opinion that the unfit should be left to die and that there is too much coddling of the human race.

The Burnett immigration bill, prescribing a literacy test for applicants for admission to the United States, was passed by the house by a vote of 241 to 126.

Settled with a violent pain in the hip while dancing Miss Laura O'Brien was operated on at New Haven and a needle imbedded in her body for ten years was removed.

A ticket to Europe from Boston for \$10 is a possibility. The transatlantic rate was opened when the Hamburg-American line started its opponents by a flat storage rate of \$22 to continental ports.

The nomination of Colonel George W. Goethals to be governor of the Panama canal zone was confirmed by the senate. More than 325,000 men in New York city are trying to find employment, according to a report just completed by the bureau of employment of the Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor.

GET JAIL AND FINE

Cassidy and Wilson Convicted of Conspiracy to Sell Nomination

Jail sentences were imposed at New York upon Joseph Cassidy, former Democratic boss of Queens county, and two others convicted with him for conspiracy to sell a supreme court nomination.

Cassidy was sentenced to a term of one year and six months and fined \$1000 for selling the nomination. William Willett, Jr., former congressman, received the same sentence for making the purchase. Lewis P. Walter, Jr., an associate of Cassidy, involved in the conspiracy, was sentenced to three months and fined \$1000.

When the sentences were announced Cassidy delivered a speech of protest.

BREMNER DIES  
CANCER VICTIM

Radium Treatment Fails to Save Life of Congressman

HE SUFFERED FOR FOUR YEARS

American and European Doctors Tried to Cure Him Before He Entered Sanitarium, Where \$100,000 Worth of Precious Metal Was Used in Effort to Prolong Life

Robert O. Bremner, member of congress from New Jersey and editor of the Passaic Daily Herald, died of cancer in a Baltimore sanitarium, where he had been undergoing treatment since last December. He had suffered from the disease for four years. Bremner was 39 years old.

Bremner came to the sanitarium to try the radium after physicians in this country and Europe had vainly tried to cure him. It was found the disease had made such inroads that little could be done to help him and that the fight against death would be made with all the odds against him. Bremner was optimistic, however.

The gallant fight which Bremner made against death attracted the attention of the entire country. It also augmented the public interest in the treatment of cancer with radium.

Upon several occasions, when the patient seemed to be sinking to his death, he rallied, giving hopes to his family that his natural vitality, coupled with the curative properties of the radium, might at least prolong his life.

In many circles the death of the representative made itself felt. To medical men it brought home the fact that radium is not a sure cure for cancer.

Dr. Kelly, owner of the sanitarium in which Bremner died, is now in Europe and the administrations of radium which were begun by Kelly in person have been made by attaches of his staff since his departure from this country. In the treatment \$100,000 worth of radium was imbedded at regular intervals into the patient's left shoulder, where the malignant growth had its inception.

The precious metal was put into tubes, coated with rubber, which were placed in incisions made with a surgeon's knife. The treatment was regarded as one of the most important in the recent history of medicine in this country and the progress of the patient was closely watched.

Bremner was a warm personal friend of President Wilson, who was kept constantly advised of his condition and who frequently sent him messages of sympathy and encouragement, accompanied with flowers.

MEET TRAGIC FATE

Notorious Jamaica Plain Bandits Have All Been Killed

Tragic deaths in keeping with their lives of bloodshed have come to three Boston bandits, who killed two men, wounded twenty persons, and held 400 patrolmen at bay for hours in Forest Hills cemetery, July 22, 1908, according to an official announcement by the Boston police department.

Edmund Gutman was killed in the cemetery, the police say, by his companions, because he felt himself unable, on account of physical weakness, to keep up their fight against the law. Poolka Mourirvitz was shot in London, and Fritz Svarris was burned to death when the police destroyed a house in which a number of anarchists of that city had taken refuge.

That is the police story, which does not agree, however, with contemporary versions of the battle of Forest Hills, which stated that Gutman was shot to death while fleeing from the cemetery.

DIED OF NATURAL CAUSES

Finding of Bridgeport Coroner in the Case of Mrs. Cross

According to information received by Coroner Phelan of Bridgeport, Conn., the stomach of Mrs. H. A. Cross, the wealthy woman who died last month, and whose death has been investigated, contained less than a grain of cocaine.

This coincides with the testimony of Mrs. Mary T. Laquer, her nurse. The coroner said his finding would be "death from natural causes."

Mrs. Cross died last November at her home here. When her will was probated, her sons, William T. and Ferdinand L. Cross, appealed from the probating, alleging incompetency and undue influence. Other allegations were also made, the suspicion of foul play was raised and the body exhumed.

"DOOR IS WIDE OPEN"

But Maine Bull Moose Will Not Go Out to Meet Republicans

A resolution that the Progressive party of Maine has decided to put a complete ticket in the field at the coming state election, "as it is on principle opposed to any form of merger or amalgamation," was adopted at a conference of Progressives.

The action was taken in response to a request from the Republican state committee that committee conferences be held for the purpose of bringing the two parties together. The resolution added that "the door of the Progressive party is wide open and all men that are progressive in purpose are invited to enter."

Robbers Clean Out Liquor Store

Driving a two-horse truck to a side entrance burglars looted the Central Consumers' Wine and Liquor company at New York of \$10,000 worth of bottled goods.

TRAIN HITS AUTO  
ON BLIND CROSSING

Injured Priests Give Last Rites to Two Dying Companions

Hurled fifty feet through the air when a train crashed into their automobile at the grade crossing near the East Blackstone, R. I., station, two men were killed, and two others, both priests, were badly injured.

J. F. A. Roberg, a real estate agent of this city, and Oreste Leon, the chauffeur, 17, are dead. Rev. Henry J. Gaudet of Woonsocket and Rev. George Trotter of Gardner, who were in the tonneau, were badly cut and bruised.

Bleeding profusely and barely able to stand as a result of their painful injuries, the two priests dragged themselves to the sides of their dying companions, administered the last rites of the Catholic church, and then collapsed.

The crossing is hidden from view from the road by a small hill and is provided with neither gates nor a tender. Only a few trains pass on the single track during the day.

BODY FOUND IN LAKE

Mystery Concerning Disappearance of Mrs. Colby Is Solved

The body of Mrs. Annie E. Colby, widow of a Boston lawyer, who disappeared mysteriously from the private sanitarium of Dr. Eaton in Newton, Mass., several weeks ago, was found floating in Crystal lake.

Search for Mrs. Colby had been prosecuted vigorously by the police of all Greater Boston cities and towns and by her relatives and friends for weeks without revealing the slightest clue as to what had become of her. The police dragged Crystal lake several times, but found no trace of her.

Mrs. Colby wandered away from the sanitarium one night while her nurse was absent from her room. She left all her money and jewels behind. The body, badly decomposed, was identified by the clothing she wore.

Suffering from a nervous breakdown, Mrs. Colby had been a patient in the sanitarium for more than a year. She was wealthy in her own right.

SHOT DOWN IN STORE

Clerk Seriously Wounded When Yeggs Attempt to Loot Pawn Shop

While hundreds of persons were passing on the street two gunmen entered the store of the Roxbury Loan company at Boston and, in an attempt to loot the place, murderously attacked the clerk, John J. Gately, and shot him.

Gately is in a serious condition at the City hospital, while the two robbers and a confederate, who was waiting on the outside, are at large.

The three men made their escape after a long chase through the crowded streets, during which only a fleeting glimpse of them was obtained. The police have discovered clues to their identity, however, and arrests are expected.

PORTLAND SCHOOLS CLOSE

Indefinite Vacation For 13,000 Pupils Because of Appearance of Smallpox

All of the schools in Portland, Me., were closed by order of the board of health as a precautionary measure to stop the spreading of smallpox, or which fifteen cases are known to exist.

The schools were closed for an indefinite period, but probably will be reopened within a month. There are about 13,000 pupils who will have their spring vacation two weeks earlier than usual. Warnings were also issued to avoid places of amusement.

MATRONI IS INDICTED

Barge Captain Held in Connection With Death of Annie Walsh

An indictment charging murder in the first degree in connection with the death of Annie Walsh at New Bedford, Mass., was returned against Charles Matroni, captain of the barge Stupe.

When Matroni was arrested on board the barge the police found a blood-stained axe near the partly dismembered body of Miss Walsh.

NEW ENGLAND GLEANINGS

John H. Fahey of Boston purchased the Worcester (Mass.) Evening Post and took control immediately.

The Portsmouth, N. H., city council passed an ordinance forbidding the dancing of the tango and other such dances in public dance halls.

Timothy W. Coakley, Boston lawyer, politician and author, died from erysipelas. He was 49 years old. Fire destroyed the Union block in Dalton, Mass., with a loss of \$36,000 and did \$6000 damage to the Dalton block.

Mayor Miller of Quincy, Mass., removed Assessors Stocker and Mitchell, who had refused to resign upon his request.

UNDER HEAVY BONDS

Men Charged With Counterfeiting Are Arraigned at Boston

The men charged with flooding Boston and surrounding towns and cities with counterfeit coins were arraigned at Boston.

Giovanni Lalla and Giuseppe Viola were held in bail of \$10,000 each for hearing Feb. 9.

Colosimo Rulino and Joseph Pazzo were held in \$3000 for hearing on the same date.

Antonio Chinciole was held in \$3000 for hearing Feb. 9. Samuel Bellino and Stephen Pulco were held in \$1500 for hearing Feb. 7.

**Savings Accounts.**  
Deposits made on or before February 15 draw Interest from February 1st.  
DIVIDENDS FEBRUARY AND AUGUST.  
Capital, Surplus and Undivided Profits over \$7,000,000  
Deposits over 46,000,000  
**Industrial Trust Company,**  
Newport Branch, 303 Thames Street.

**Chafing Dishes**  
With an ALCOHOL LAMP With ELECTRICITY  
you must fill the lamp, adjust the wick, strike a match, and be very careful not to spill alcohol on the table top.  
you insert the plug and turn the switch.  
When this is done you can devote all your attention to the recipe.  
We have the ELECTRIC kind, made by the General Electric Co. Ask us about them today.  
**BAY STATE STREET RAILWAY COMPANY**

**Why not see US about it?**  
If you are contemplating any work along publicity lines—  
**Catalogs, Pamphlets, Booklets.**  
**Circular Work**  
we are prepared to do it for you and do it well. We have complete and up-to-date Printing Office. This plant is in charge of expert and experienced men—men who are instructed under no circumstances to produce anything but the best work possible. We work in all processes in which ink and paper are combined. We write and edit copy—We can serve you and serve you well.  
**Why not see US about it?**  
We can do any work that can be done in any Printing Office in the United States.  
**Mercury Publishing Company.**  
182 THAMES STREET,  
NEWPORT, R. I.

**SETTLED OUT OF COURT**  
Woman Drops \$75,000 Suit Against Boston Wool Importer  
When the \$75,000 breach of promise suit of Sarah A. McDonald, 28, against her employer, Frank A. Messenger, aged 62, a wool importer, was called for trial at Boston, it was announced that the case had been settled out of court. No details as to the settlement were given out.  
Messenger's wife died in 1910, and Miss McDonald, who had been in his employ for ten years, alleged that two years later her employer became engaged to her. After the engagement, Messenger, according to Miss McDonald's claim, became attentive to a western girl, with the result that the suit was filed.  
**LOSES BY ONE VOTE**  
Senate Decides Glass Is Not Entitled to Seat in That Body  
By one vote—32 to 33—Frank P. Glass of Alabama, editor of the Birmingham News, lost his fight for a seat in the United States senate.  
The vote sustained the recommendation of the committee on privileges and elections, which held that Glass was not entitled to be seated because his appointment by Governor O'Neal to succeed the late Senator Johnson was made after the constitutional amendment directing election of senators by the people had been proclaimed in full effect.  
Francisco I. Guzman, who figured prominently in the revolt against President Madero in Mexico City a year ago, was executed in the front yard of a house occupied by General Villa at Juarez, Mex.  
An influx of butter from all parts of the world, due to the reduction of the tariff from 5 to 2 1/2 cents a pound, has caused a decline of 10 cents a pound in the New York wholesale price of that commodity since the first of the year.  
**Destres.**  
"My dear, there's no reason why we should not save a part of my salary. I've just been reading about a Chicago man who is able to support a family of a dozen children on \$12 a week."  
"Well," his wife replied, you find out how much he spends daily for his lunch and cigars and then I'll see what I can do about getting along on what his wife has for household expenses."  
**Destres.**  
I ask no more than this to be A toller here awhile Ere I go forth upon the sea That wears eternal smile.  
—Baltimore Sun—  
I ask no more than to be rich And free from all concern Until I reach that bourne from which No travelers return.  
In a recent sitting of the house of commons a certain M. P., after elaborating in a speech of two hours a statement that would have been better made in a speech of two minutes, concluded:  
"And that's the situation in a nutshell."  
"Gracious!" said Winston Churchill, sotto voce. "What a nut!"  
A man who had never been duck hunting shot at a duck in the air. The duck fell dead to the ground.  
"Well, you got him!" exclaimed the amateur's friend.  
"Yes," replied the amateur, "but I might as well have saved my ammunition—the fall would have killed him."  
The father had gone away and left his only son in charge of the shop.  
"Are you head of the firm?" asked the man with the sample case, who had just come in.  
"No, sir," remarked the young man, with a smile. "I'm only the heir of the head."  
—London Tit-Bits.  
The Fussu Patron—Why, mercy, this shoe is a bit The Tired Clerk—Pardon me, madam, you have it upside down. It is really a 9-child's size. What a perfect fit—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

## Euch, the Egg King.

A tall, gaunt young man entered the office of the Globe Museum and Family Theatre and asked for the manager.

"What can I do for you?" inquired a pudgy man in a checked suit.

"I want an engagement as a freak in the circus hall."

"Who are you?"

"I am Euch, the Egg King."

"What is your specialty?"

"I eat three dozen hen eggs, two dozen duck eggs, and one dozen goose eggs at a single sitting."

"I suppose you know our policy."

"What's that?"

"We give four shows every day."

"I understand that."

"And do you think you can do it?"

"I know I can."

"On Saturdays we often give as many as six shows."

"All right."

"And on some holidays we give a performance every hour."

The young man hesitated.

"In that case," he finally said, "I must have one thing understood before I sign a contract."

"What's that?" asked the manager.

"No matter how rushing business is at the museum, the Egg King replied, 'you gotta gimme time enough, to eat my regular meals at the hotel.'—Lippincott's.

## Valuable Horse.

The talk in the lobby of a Washington hotel the other evening turned to horses, and Congressman Thomas W. Hardwick of Georgia recalled an incident that recently happened in the South.

Rambling along the road one morning a colored party named Rastus met his neighbor Sambo. Instantly it was seen that Rastus had large tidings to impart.

"Look yeh, Sambo," he excitedly remarked, "did yo' know dat somebody stop gon' steal Deacon White's hoss las' night?"

"Yo' doan mean it, Rastus!" exclaimed Sambo, with an expressive cast of countenance. "Did dey find any clue to do 'at dat dono do crim?"

"Yea, dey suh did," answered Rastus. "In de stable whar dey took de hoss from dey find a qu' bottle full ob gin."

"A qu' bottle full ob gin, oh?" returned Sambo. "Good! Den do Deacon doan joss nuttin' on dat hoss."—Philadelphia Telegraph.

## Armless Girl does things with her Feet.

A remarkable demonstration of the control the mind has over the body is provided by Miss Kittie M. Smith, an armless girl of Chicago, who uses her feet to do the things the average person accomplishes with the hands. So adept has Miss Smith become that she makes cabinets, bookcases, desks and like furniture, using with skill all the necessary tools, such as saws, chisels, planes, etc. In nailing however, she uses a hatchet instead of a hammer, as the shape of the former is better adapted for a tight clutch between the toes. Miss Smith also sketches with pen and pencil does excellent needlework and uses a typewriter for her correspondence. The daily task of making a toilet, including brushing her teeth and washing her face, is done with comparative ease. She is also an adept gardener, using all ordinary implements with her toes in the garden of the home for disabled children which she has founded at Maywood, a suburb of Chicago.

## The Prayer Monopoly.

Judge William H. Hunt said at a luncheon the other day:

"The Chinese beat us in many things—they even beat us in trusts. Once, in my boyhood, in New Orleans, I got to know quite well Yot Lung, a laundryman. Yot had hanging above his cot a queer pad of rice paper, like a calendar, all written over with Chinese characters."

"What is that, Yot?" I asked him one day.

"That," he answered, "is a prayer-book. I tear off half a sheet every night and a half a sheet every morning, for the good pray twice a day."

"He went on to explain that a corporation in Peking had the monopoly of these prayer books, a copyright protected them, and any one who infringed the copyright got a year in jail."

"A monopoly of a nation's prayer. A monopoly of all oil or meat or steel seems trifling beside that, eh?"—Washington Star.

## Exacted a Promise.

Mrs. Henry Preston White was leaving her home for town the other afternoon, and as she started down the walk a pitiful wail reached her ears. Turning she perceived her little five-year-old son leaning far out of the second-story window.

"Mother! mother!" he cried. "Please promise me! won't you, mother, Promise me."

Mrs. White ran back in much alarm into the house and up the stairs.

"Darling, tell mother what is the matter!" she pleaded.

"Oh, mother promise me," he sobbed.

"Anything, darling, anything."

"Promise me that you'll be good, mother, while you're in town," he said, and began to dry his tears.

## At the wrong House.

"Have you a Charles Dickens in your home?" asked the police book agent.

"No," she snapped.

"Or a Robert Louis Stevenson?"

"No."

"Or a Gene Field?"

"No, we ain't, an' what's more we don't run a boarding-house here either. If you're looking for them fellows you might try the house across the street, I understand they keep roomers."—Detroit Free Press.

## Starvation Diet.

I would I were an artist!  
I would fill my soul with cheer,  
For when I got a thrill, on  
I'd draw a glass of beer.  
—California Pelican.

Still, I'd like to be a woodman  
And walk the forests through,  
And whenever I got hungry  
I'd take a chop or two.  
—Princeton Tiger.

The law would offer me more scope.  
I love the legal race.  
With thrust and dagger I could cope—  
Just order up a case.  
—Michigan Gargoyle.

My occupation's better still.  
If you don't think so try it.  
I coach the frisky chorus girls,  
And chicken is my diet.  
—Cornell Widow.

## Forearmed.

Mr. Cooke was a traveling man and was slightly injured in a railroad accident. One of the officials of the road went to his home to break the news gently to Mrs. Cooke.

"Madam," he began, "the cause of Your husband's death was a slight—that is to say, one of the drive wheels of a passenger locomotive struck him on the cheek, and—"

"Well, sir," interrupted the woman, "you needn't come around here trying to collect any damages of me. You won't get a cent! If your company can't keep its property out of danger I'll have to take the consequences. You should have your engines insured."—Harper's Magazine.

## Courtship in Camera.

She gave him a cabinet photo.  
He gazed for a moment or two  
Then pleaded, "Sweetheart, won't you give me  
The lovely original too?"

"If you're positive, dear, that you love me,"  
She said through a film of tears,  
"A negative I cannot give you;  
I'm yours to the end of our years."

So courtship was quick to develop;  
Their marriage was fixed up in town.  
And now in a middle class suburb  
She is steadily losing him down.  
—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

## A Use for a Byproduct.

An Irishman was newly employed at a lumber office. The proprietors of the company were wrong men, and decided to have some fun with the new Irish hand. Patrick was duly left in charge of the office, with instructions to take all orders which might come in during their absence.

Going to a nearby drug store, they proceeded to call up the lumber company's office, and the following conversation ensued: "Hello! Is this the East Side Lumber company?"

"Yes, sir. And what would you be havin'?"

"Take an order, will you?"

"Sure. That's what I'm here for."

"Please send me up a thousand knot-holes."

"What's that?"

"One thousand knot-holes."

"Well, now, sir, ain't that a bloomin' shame? I'm sorry, but we are just out."

"How's that?"

"Just sold them all to the new brewery."

"To the new brewery? What do they want with them?"

"They use them for bung holes in barrels."—Delinquent.

## The Object.

Dr. Osler tells the following to illustrate the elasticity of the English language, as used by the Southern negro.

One day there came to the clinic a negro with a broken jaw. The examining physician, intent on discovering the exact nature and extent of the injury, asked numerous questions. "To all of them the negro returned evasive answers. Finally she admitted that she was 'hit by a object.'"

"Was it a large object or a small object?" asked the physician.

"Tolle by large."

"Was it a hard object or a soft object?"

"Tolle by hard."

"Was it coming rapidly or slowly?"

"Tolle by fast."

Then, her patience exhausted, the negro turned to the physician. "To tell the truth, doctor, I was jest simply 'kick' in the face by a gentleman friend."

Everybody's Magazine.

## Damp Enjoyment.

"Now Bobby," instructed the fond maternal parent of the prodigy in rickshaws, bound for a children's party, "the weather looks rather threatening. Here is half a dollar for you, and if it rains come back in a cab."

Two hours later it came down cats and dogs, and mother returned devout thanks for her forethought.

But when little Bobby Valentens returned he was wet to the skin.

"Why, Bobby," cried the f. m. p., "didn't you come back by cab as I told you?"

"Oh, yes, ma!" answered Bobby. "And it was simply splendid! I rode on the box beside the driver."—Washington Star.

## Future Jim D.

Apocryphal of compulsory school attendance, Superintendent Maxwell said in New York:

"A certain Yakubicka, a Bohemian urchin, rose suddenly the other afternoon in the midst of the lesson, pulled his books in an orderly heap and proceeded to clump out of the room."

"Yakubicka, where are you going?" the astonished teacher asked.

"Teacher," Yakubicka answered, gravely, "exactly fourteen year ago, at 3 o'clock in the afternoon I was born. So I am now entitled to quit school."

"From the doorway he waved his hand at his fellow students."

"So long, fellows," he said. "I'm off to learn pants-making."

## The Nearest Yet

"I had always thought the public servants of my own city were the freshest on earth," says a New York man, "but a recent experience in Kansas City has led to a revision of that notion."

"One afternoon I dashed into a railway station of that town, with just half a minute to buy my ticket and enter a train for Chicago. I dashed through the first gate, and, pointing to a certain train, asked hurriedly of the gatekeeper: 'Is that my train?'"

"Well, I don't know," replied he, with exasperating deliberation. 'Maybe it is, but the cars have the company's name on them.'—Harper's Magazine.

## The Scrap Book

## He Was the Goat.

The first time William Randolph Hearst ever made a public speech was when he was nominated for congress in New York some years ago.

He was nervous about it and spoke to Timothy D. Sullivan.

"Sullivan," he said, "that convention of yours is going to nominate me for congress, and I suppose I've got to make a speech to the delegates. I never made a public speech in my life, and I'm nervous. What shall I do?"

"It's simple enough," Sullivan replied. "The thing to do is to pick out one man in the crowd and talk to him just as if you would talk to him if he was alone with you in a room. Select one man and make your speech to him and forget that there is any one else in the audience."

Sullivan was curious to see how Hearst would make out and went one of his men down to watch the proceedings and report. The man came back.

"How did Hearst do?" Sullivan asked.

"Well," said the scout, "he lost one good vote. He talked all the time to one man in the crowd, and that fellow got mad and nervous and left the hall, cursing Hearst for making a goat of him!"—Saturday Evening Post.

## The New God.

I look about me and behold  
How all is changed. The sound and sane,  
The kind, the true, the hale and old  
That once made strong the features plain  
Of life, are cast in other mold  
That bears the stamp of greed and gold.  
A god unseen, who draws a chain  
Of Jeweled lust, which men call gain,  
Binding their hearts to all that's vain,  
That God at last for punishment  
Shall curse with woe and discontent.  
—Madison Cawein in "Motions of the Moon."

## His Awful Burden.

It was sentence day in the court of general sessions. A long, inconspicuous line of prisoners formed in the aisle, each offender awaiting his summons to the bar of justice. Save for the voice of the clerk, a dignified and solemn stillness reigned in the courtroom.

"John D. Rockefeller to the bar!" called the clerk in a shrill voice.

All heads craned in surprise at the mention of the well known name to see who its possessor could be. A large, burly negro, one of the blackest of his race, walked slowly to the bar.

"Is your name John D. Rockefeller?" inquired the judge as he looked sternly at the big negro, who wore something more than the suspicion of a smile.

"It sure is, your honor," replied the prisoner. "I couldn't help it. Dat name has been a great burden to me all ma life."—New York Tribune.

## Its Tablet.

De Pachmann, the pianist, and Goldmark, the famous opera composer, met in front of the latter's Vienna home a short time ago. Goldmark is a most estimable old gentleman and a writer of exceptionally brilliant and melodious music, but his one great fault is most overwhelming conceit, a trait which often gives his friends occasion for much merriment at his expense. As De Pachmann and Goldmark walked away from the composer's house the pianist pointed backward over his shoulder and said:

"That modest little edifice will be signally distinguished some day after you are dead."

"Indeed," murmured Goldmark, blushing with pleasure.

"Yes," continued De Pachmann. "They will decorate it with a tablet."

"And pray what do you suppose they will say on the tablet after I am dead?" asked the composer eagerly.

"To let," said De Pachmann's pithy reply as he scuttled across the street.

## She Weeded.

One of the stories Lady Dorothy Nevill used to delight in telling was of a certain lady not very well versed in the ways of society, who wanted to give a smart ball. She desired to have everything "just right," and she appealed to Lady Dorothy to help her in the matter of invitations, and so on.

Lady Dorothy very obligingly gave her a number of hints, and the ball came off fairly successfully. Next day the hostess and Lady Dorothy talked it over, and her ladyship remarked, "It was very good for a first attempt, but next year you must weed your list a little!" meaning that she must be more particular to whom she sent invitations.

"And she did," Lady Dorothy would add, "for next year she weeded out my daughter and me!"

## Going It Too Strong.

The corn crop of a certain western county a few years ago was nearly a total failure. One morning a farmer took a sack and went to his sixty acre sweet corn field to see if he could find enough roasting ears for a meal.

In going over the field he found that each ear had only a couple of rows of corn, so he cut the corn off the cobs and had it cooked for dinner.

About dinner time a young fellow who lived near drove up, and the farmer invited him to stay. At the table he passed the corn to the young man first, and the visitor took one spoonful of corn and started to take another when the farmer stopped him and said:

"Don't you think you are going a little strong on the corn?"

The young man was very much embarrassed. "Why?" he stammered.

"Well, you have about fifteen acres of corn on your plate now."—Everybody's.

They have their spate; they are aloof.  
He's angry with his gentle foe.  
They've found that the parental roof  
Beats any old pay rental one.  
—Chadwell Englebar.

He (sarcastically)—I like "the soft pillow of a woman's mind."

She (coolly)—Yes, I suppose it helps you to bolster your own mind up.—Baltimore American.

## CHRISTMAS IN THE OLDEN TIME.

The wassail round, in good brown bowls,  
Garlanded with ribbons, blithely trove.  
There the huge sirloin reeked;  
hard by  
Plum porridge stood, and Christmas pie,  
Nor failed old Scotland to produce,  
At such high tide, her savory goose.  
Then came the merry maskers in,  
And carols roared with blithe-some din.  
If unmelodious was the song,  
It was a hearty note and strong.  
Who lists many in the mumming see  
Traces of ancient mystery.  
White skirts supplied the masquerade,  
And smutted cheeks the visors made.  
But, oh, what maskers richly dight  
Can boast of bosoms half so light!  
England was merry England when  
Old Christmas brought his sports again.  
'Twas Christmas broached the mightiest ale;  
'Twas Christmas told the merriest tale.  
A Christmas gambol oft could cheer  
The poor man's heart through half the year.  
—Sir Walter Scott.

## TODAY.

Today is your day and mine,  
The only day we have, the day  
in which we play our part. What  
our part may signify in the great  
whole we may not understand,  
but we are here to play it, and  
now is our time. This we know.  
It is a part of action, not whining.  
It is a part of love, not cynicism.  
It is for us to express  
love in terms of human helpfulness.  
This we know, for we  
have learned from sad experience  
that any other source  
leads toward decay and waste.  
—David Starr Jordan.

## THE ROAD TO FAME.

The road to fame is long and steep.  
No coward feet can stand it.  
None but the brave the way can keep.  
None but the brave command it.  
No winking ever gains the height.  
However much he fears for;  
For he, when obstacles affright,  
The paths of ease returns to.

The road to fame is long and rough.  
And only brave men make it.  
Men who can stand to each rebuff  
And undiscouraged take it.  
No coward feet can tread the way  
Where fame is brightly shining.  
Its glories are for men today  
Who suffer without whining.  
—Detroit Free Press.

## DEMOCRACY.

In my own country we are growing more and more to believe that the only safe rule in a democracy is to give the people themselves the right after due deliberation to decide finally on every subject which they deem of vital importance. The public servants—legislators, executives and judges alike—must be in very fact the servants of the people. The people must have the right to make and unmake these public servants in order to hold them strictly accountable for their stewardship. They must also have the right on their own initiative to pass upon laws which the legislature has passed or which it has refused to pass. If the legislature does not correctly represent them. Finally the people must not surrender to the judiciary any more than to the executive or legislative branches of the government the final decision as to what laws they are to be permitted to have.  
—Theodore Roosevelt to Argentinians.

## THE LITTLE FLOWER.

There grew a little flower once  
That blossomed in a day,  
And some said it would ever bloom  
And some 'twould fade away,  
And some said it was happiness,  
And some said it was spring,  
And some said it was grief and tears,  
And many such a thing,  
But still the little flower bloomed  
And men do it call "summer growth,"  
But angels call it "love!"  
—Tom Hood.

"Great oaks from little acorns grow."  
The proverb apt relates,  
And let us add, divorce decrees  
Have surreptitious dates.  
—Julia.

"That girl had been standing half an hour. Why did you get up so suddenly and give her your seat?"  
"She lifted her veil."—Philadelphia Ledger.

## SIRENS AND SONS.

Governor Glynn of New York was once a journeyman printer. He is forty-two years of age.

Lord Salisbury, who recently celebrated his eighty-eighth birthday, has been working for a number of years on a digest of the laws of England.

Lieutenant General Simon B. Buckner of the Confederate army, who was a publisher at General Grant's funeral, is still living. He is ninety years of age.

Dr. Josef Schumpeter, LL. D., professor of political economy in the University of Graz, Austria, has been named as the Austrian exchange professor for the winter semester of 1913-14 at Columbia University.

Dr. Basil Oildersleeve, professor of Greek at Johns Hopkins University, who has just celebrated his eighty-second birthday anniversary, was professor of Greek at the University of Virginia in 1880. He has been at Johns Hopkins since 1878.

F. H. Benson, on whom McGill University at Montreal recently conferred the degree of doctor of laws, is the first actor who has ever been so honored in North America. He was born in England in 1839, attended Oxford and is noted both as an actor and manager, having, for years devoted himself to Shakespeare.

## Filippant Flings.

The Danish court says the lingo is all right; but, then, it said the same thing of old Doc Cook.—Washington Post.

Several girls have entered the Toledo school of carpentry. Is it possible that women can learn to saw wood and saw nothing?—Memphis Commercial Appeal.

There is one man in the country who says he is able to tell a woman's age by looking at her. Maybe he can, but if he has any sense he won't do it.—Toledo Blade.

According to a recent count 44 per cent of the first class mail is improperly addressed; but who ever heard of a bill going to the dead letter office?—New York Sun.

## Cost of Living.

Eggs at 7 cents each may do for table ornaments.—New York World.

Cigarettes have advanced in price. Of what importance now are increases in cost of beefsteak and eggs?—New York Tribune.

The report that Pike's peak was sinking proves to have been unfounded. The peak isn't going down any faster than the cost of living.—Chicago Record-Herald.

St. George Parish, editor of the Statist, offers the welcome prediction that the cost of living is to fall. But more welcome than experts' predictions would be lower prices over the counter.—Exchange.

## Pert Personal.

Maybe these fraulein Martians are signaling to us to try to borrow Colonel Goethals.—Boston Transcript.

John Lind is the chrysanthemum of diplomacy, the accent in this case being, of course, on the "num."—Chicago News.

Premier Asquith should arrange to collaborate with Ernest Thompson-Seton in a sequel to "Wild Animals That I Have Met."—Washington Post.

If it is true that Count Boni has gone into the "gent's" furnishing business he may come to know what it is to be a creditor himself.—Washington Star.

## Town Topics.

Chicago has just achieved a five cent carfare anywhere in the city and universal transfers. New York once had them. Alas for past blessings!—New York Tribune.

Not only did Philadelphia capture the world's baseball championship, but it is one of the few American municipalities in which the murder rate is decreasing.—Chicago News.

Cleveland's population. It is stated, is increased by 30,000 immigrants yearly. A substantiation of Baltimore's claim that quality of citizenship is of more importance than quantity.—Baltimore American.

## Automobile Runs.

Reasonable speed in sending speeders to jail would prevent much speeding.—Chicago Record-Herald.

Instead of "safety first" the motto of the speed drunkards seems to be "Catch me first."—Chicago News.

"Safety first" would be as good a motto for automobile drivers as for railroad employees.—Fort Worth Record.

Pennsylvania has registered 30,000 more motorcars than last year, and it is in order to figure how long it will take until every citizen is equipped.—Pittsburgh Post.

## Wrong Chap.

"Young man, you call regularly to see my daughter?"

"I do."

"I want to know if your intentions are serious."

"You must have the wrong man, Mr. Wombat. I call to collect the payments on her piano."—Hartford Post.

## A Fair Athlete.

She could swing a six pound dumbbell,  
She could fence, and she could box,  
She could row upon the river,  
She could climb among the rocks,  
She could do some heavy bowling  
And play tennis all day long.  
But she couldn't help her mother,  
"Cause she wasn't very strong."

"Pop!"

"Yes, my son."

"This spelling book is all wrong."

"Why so, my boy?"

"Because it's all wrong for a little thing like a kitten to be spelled with six letters and a big cat to be spelled with only three."—Yonkers Statesman.

## CHRISTMAS THOUGHTS.

The mistletoe hung in the castle hall;  
The holly branch shone on the old oak wall.  
—Bayly.

Shepherds at the grange,  
Where the babe was born,  
Sung with many a change  
Christmas carols until morn.  
—Longfellow.

At Christmas I no more desire a rose  
Than wish a snow in May's new-fangled shows.  
—Shakespeare.

Be merry all, be merry all,  
With holly dress the festive hall.  
Prepare the song, the feast, the ball,  
To welcome merry Christmas.  
—W. H. Spencer.

God rest ye, little children! let  
nothing you afflict,  
For Jesus Christ, your Saviour,  
was born this happy night,  
Along the hills of Galilee the  
white flocks sleeping lay  
When Christ, the child of Nazareth,  
was born on Christmas day.  
—D. M. Mulock.

## PRAYER.

Communication with his Maker by prayer is the most exalted function in which man can be engaged because it exercises the highest faculties of the soul with the intellect and the world. It is the channel of heaven's choicest blessings. It excludes no one. It embraces all in the circle of its benediction. It gives us access to our Heavenly Father at all times, in all places and under all circumstances. In a word, prayer renders us co-operators with our Creator in the moral government of the world.  
—Cardinal Gibbons.

## ON THE DEATH OF POE.

They have laid thee down to  
slumber where the sorrows  
that encumber  
Such a wild and wayward heart  
as thine can never reach thee more.

For the radiant light of gladness  
never alternates with sadness.  
Slugging gifted souls to madness,  
on that bright and blessed shore.

Safely incased from sorrow's  
tempest on the distant Alden shore,  
Rest thee, last one, evermore.

From the earth a star has faded  
and the shine of song has  
shaded.

And the muses veil their faces,  
weeping sorrowful and sore,  
But the harp, all rent and broken,  
left us many a thrilling token—

We shall hear his numbers spoken  
and repeated o'er and o'er,  
Till our heart shall cease to tremble,  
we shall hear them sounding o'er.

Sounding over, evermore.  
—Sarah T. Bolton.

## THE TWO AMERICAS.

The relations of the northern and the southern continents of the western hemisphere are certain to become much closer in the future. The opening of the Panama canal will itself markedly help to make them closer, and, great though the benefits of the canal will be to our own country, I believe that they will be, if anything, even greater to the countries of South America. I wish to see the trade between the United States and all South American countries increase, and in such intercourse the first essential is the ability to inspire confidence. It is for this reason that I feel a peculiar national pride in our having twice withdrawn



## A Picnic Day Happening

"You're sure you don't want to go to the picnic, Ann?"

"No! I'm not a-goin'! Aunt Jane."

"My soul! I never did see such a girl!" exclaimed the older woman.

"Why, when I was your age I was everywhere. Wasn't anything goin' on—dancin' parties, huskin' bees or anything else—but what I was there!"

"(Just comes Deacon Hoskett in his new buggy!)" interrupted Ann.

"So (he) has must be bound for the picnic. I do believe I'll ask him to take me down. No use of my hitchin' up if you ain't a-goin'."

"Very well," said Ann, resuming her task of washing the breakfast dishes, while her aunt hurried down to the gate just in time to signal the deacon.

"You needn't get out, Silas. Suppose you're off for the picnic?"

"Yes, I'm off on hand when there's any fun even if I ain't quite as spry as I used to be."

"Then maybe you won't mind takin' an old lady down with you, for I'm bound to go."

"Dunno 'bout takin' any old ladies," replied the deacon, his eyes twinkling humorously behind his spectacles. "But there's plenty o' room for you, Jane Carter."

"None o' your soft soap," she retorted. "Now you wait a minute 'till I get my bunnit on! And I've got some cake and things I want to take along."

She bustled back into the house, where, after having hastily adjusted her bonnet, she turned her attention to the cabinets which she had prepared.

"Ann, you help me take these things out and put 'em under the seat! My soul, I'm afraid I let that gingerbread stay in the oven a might too long; it's burnt. Do you remember your ma's gingerbread? I never could make it like hers."

Yes, Ann remembered very well. But also said nothing as she hurried down to the gate in the wake of her aunt, each laden with bundles.

"How'd you do, Ann?" exclaimed the deacon, cordially. And then, noting her apron and rolled-up sleeves, he added: "Ain't you a-goin' to the picnic?"

"No," she replied shortly and decisively. "I'm not!"

"Shot ejaculated her questioner, his countenance expressing unfeigned astonishment. "How's that?"

"Oh! I ain't been anywhere much since mother died, you know."

"Just so, but—"

"There ain't no use argylin'." Jane. She's as set in her ways as an 80-year-old woman. My soul, how I ever got all those things in here?"

"I calculate you didn't expect other folks to do any providin' at all!" commented the deacon as he bent his energies to the disposing of the various packages beneath the seat. All being safely adjusted, Aunt Jane climbed into the buggy, pulled the duster over her knees and announced herself as ready to start. Accordingly her companion gathered up the reins and clucked to his mare, while at the same time he nodded good-by to Ann.

Standing in the doorway Ann kept her eyes fixed on the shining top of the buggy until it finally disappeared from view. Then, turning, she snatched her sunbonnet from its peg, pulled down her sleeves over her pomp arms and in a moment more was walking swiftly in the opposite direction to that taken by the deacon.

"Seem's if I couldn't even see the old place," she exclaimed bitterly to herself. "Without I have to sneak out! But what's the use o' talkin'! Aunt Jane wouldn't understand, anyway. But mother does. Yes, I'm sure she does. And I'm goin' to have a last look at the place for those Farmington folks move in and upset everything. I'm glad they bought most of the furniture, too, for I couldn't bear to see it carted all out of the house. Well, I've got the chest o' drawers that stood in mother's room and her rocker. That's all I could afford to keep."

Tears came into Ann's eyes as she trudged along the dusty road. Poor Ann! It had been her dearest wish to keep up the farm, but matters had gone from bad to worse. The Millers of Farmington had offered to take the place off her hands. So she let it go and went to live with her spinster relative, for she must have a home and the sun received for the farm was none too large.

Her countenance brightened when at length she stood before the weather-beaten dwelling around which clustered all the fragrant memories of her childhood. Ere entering she cast a glance at the Crawford place, almost directly across the road. She knew that ma'm Crawford had gone to the picnic and she was glad of it otherwise that demonstrative and talkative woman would certainly have spied her and come bustling over for a good talk. "Lijah was working in the lower meadow and the monotonous click-click of his moving machine was borne to her quite clearly on the still air. As for young Dave—Ann's features softened as she thought of him—he had, she knew, gone to Farmington on a matter of business.

With her mind attuned to the peacefulness of her surroundings, she walked slowly to the back of the house and pushing open the door, entered the kitchen. From there her mother had been wont to spend the most of her time when not engaged in household duties.

"Looks pretty much the same," commented Ann, aloud. "Nothin's gone 'cept the rocker, and that's at Aunt Jane's." It's dreadful quiet in here, though.

She let her gaze wander about the room until at length it rested on the old clock above the mantelpiece. Moved by a sudden inspiration she dragged a footstool from beneath the table, placed it in position below the mantel, and then, mounting grasped with eager fingers for the key which she knew rested on the top of the clock. The clock was an old-fashioned affair and below the dial was a crude picture in colors represented a landscape with impossible trees and equally impossible sky and greenward.

She found the key in short order, and very soon the ancient timepiece resumed its function. Closing the case, Ann seated herself with a sigh of satisfaction in the big armchair by the table, and listened to the steady tick-tick with an ever-deepening sense of content.

Her reverie was at last disturbed by the entrance of Mittens, the sleek and well-fed mouse, which had been given to the Crawfords because Aunt Jane "simply couldn't abide cats."

"Well," exclaimed Ann, astonished. "However did you know I was here?"

"As if the old order of things had never been disturbed, the cat jumped up into Ann's lap and settled himself comfortably, purring the while as loudly as he could.

"Guess they take good care o' you 'cross this way," said Ann, as she stroked the animal's soft fur. "But o'

course, Dave would have looked after that. He was allus kind hearted."

Leaning back in the capacious chair, she again gave herself over to dreaming, while Mittens continued to purr and the clock ticked away in a sort of undertone. It was not until the strong sunlight streaming through the windows warned her that noon was near, that she rose, and leaving the cat curled up in the chair, went out of doors. And as she turned the corner of the house she found herself face to face with Dave Crawford.

"Why, Dave!" she exclaimed. "I thought you was in Farmington."

"Got home just a quarter of an hour ago," he replied. "And the cat's all tucked out—went lame back in Pine Hollow. You see I wanted to get home in time to take you to the picnic, Ann. I thought I'd ask you to go."

"I told Aunt Jane I wasn't goin'!" she said evasively. "I had my mind set on spending just one more day here 'fore the Millers come in."

"I understand. I know just how you feel 'bout it."

She looked at him gratefully. "It don't seem right," she went on, "that other folks should come here. But there! It can't be helped, so what's the use o' cryin'."

Nevertheless, even as she spoke, she stooped above a bed of pansies that she might hide her tears.

Flowers had been planted all along one side of the house, and the garden seemed to be in an extraordinary flourishing condition, considering that she who had planned and fostered it had passed to another world. As for Ann, she had no time to look after it, and she did not know that it was the thoughtful Dave who had watered and looked after the plants as regularly as he could.

"Wonderful how these nasturtiums are growin' on!" she exclaimed.

"Yes," he assented, looking down at the blossoms. "Y'ra set great store by her nasturtiums."

Dave watched her as she knelt and with deft fingers snipped away the dead leaves. But his thoughts were not concerned with the flowers. He seemed to have something weighing on his mind, and stood in an uneasy attitude, glancing nervously about him, as though he half-expected to receive aid from some miraculous source.

At length Ann rose, remarking as she shook the dust from her skirts, "Gettin' dreadful hot here!"

"So 'tis," he agreed. "Let's go and set a spell in the grove."

They walked slowly to the group of maples at the left of the house, and seated themselves upon a weather-stained and ancient bench.

"Do you remember the swing, Ann, which used to hang 'tween the two trees back of us here?"

"Yes, Dave, and I'm sorry it was ever took down. What fun we had here when we was children! Seems as if 'twas only yesterday that you used to start me goin' in that swing. And how I did scream when I got up too high!"

"I wasn't as careful as I ought to've been! Sometimes the old rope might have broke, and then—"

He paused and shook his head at the thought of what might have been the dreadful result of his useful recklessness.

"Oh, I ain't ever really afraid!" Ann hastened to assure him. "I allus felt safe as long as you was there!"

This simple expression of confidence in his power of protection moved Dave exceedingly. He half turned and looked at his companion, whose hands were clasped in her lap and whose gaze seemed fixed on the bit of dusty highway revealed from where she sat. But Ann did not see the road nor the blue hills beyond; she was looking into the past, and took no note of the eager look in Dave's eyes, nor heeded the tremble in his voice when he spoke her name.

"What is it, Dave?" she asked, without moving.

"Ann, you know that ever since we was little bits of tots we was allus together. And as far back as I can remember, I've loved you! I've allus loved you, though I've been wanting to tell you for ever so long somehow—"

He paused. Ann turned her face away in order that he might not see the sudden color that surged into her cheeks. But Dave, in whom humility and self-abnegation were inherent, interpreted the action adversely.

"There!" he exclaimed. "I've made you angry!"

"I'm not angry, Dave!" she assured him tremulously.

Gently, half doubtingly, his hand sought hers, and, encouraged by the responsive pressure of her fingers, he cleared his throat and resumed:

"There's something else I've got to tell you! Something you don't know and ain't expectin'."

She turned toward him, a bit startled. "It's good news, Ann; you won't never need to give up the place here!"

Her eyes opened wide. "Dave!" she cried. "What is it you mean? What is it?"

"I mean I've bought the farm and everything on it!"

"But I don't understand!—the Millers—"

"I'll tell you how 'twas. You know I had business over Farmington way. Well, 'twas to claim some money Uncle William left me. You know he died not long ago."

Ann began to comprehend.

"Then," he went on. "I called at the Millers, and told 'em I wanted the place here bad, worse than they did, and I'd give 'em more than they paid for it. They held off at first, but I put 'em in mind as how you were all upset at leavin' the old home—and well, I told I was goin' to get married and live right here!"

Ann gasped.

"I dunno's I ought to have said that," explained Dave hastily. "But 'twas the only way to make 'em give in!"

There was a moment of embarrassing silence; then suddenly Ann threw both arms about Dave's neck and burst out sobbing. He held her close without speaking a word.

It was some time before either came back to material things. Then Ann remarked, "Why, Dave, it's long past dinner time, and you ain't had a bite to eat. And your father—"

"It's all right. He took a snack down to the meadow with him, for mother's gone to the picnic. What do you say that I bring some things over here—our house—and we'll have a picnic all to ourselves!"

"Splendid!" exclaimed Ann. "There's no place for a picnic like home—is there?"—Clarence Mansfield Lindsay, in the Springfield Republican.

## Crows Should Not Be Killed.

To those who know how difficult it is to kill the wary crow, this will sound laughable, but it is a fact that thousands of crows are killed every year by farmers, either by traps or shooting or poison. But experts, who have made a thorough investigation into this, declare that while the farmer is justified in scaring the crows away from his grain and corn fields, he should not kill the bird, because a single crow can and generally does destroy more corn-worms in a day than ten men could dig up and destroy in a week.

Man cannot locate the wiry, soil-colored little cut-worm; he can only find it by chance, while the crow can locate them with ease and locate their tiny holes in the soil, and with one bang of their strong beaks drag Mr. Cut-worm forth from the ground to add him to the daily feast.

A crow weighing two and a half pounds was experimented upon, and it was found this bird actually ate his weight in cut-worms in one day, and apparently could have eaten more. The crow, therefore, can save more crops from the ravages of cut-worms in a day than he can destroy in a week.

Crows are heavy eaters. It is true they will pull up tender shoots of corn if they have the opportunity, but they will also eat the worms, and apparently prefer the worms.

A very young robin was also experimented with. He ate sixty-eight earth-worms in a day, these making a bulk larger than the bird. Robins will strip a cherry tree of its fruit in a few days, but, with nothing over the trees, these robins will also denude a garden of insects that would have otherwise prevented at least half, if not all, of the planted things from growing to maturity.

Then He Went.

Young Tom Tuoto was spending a holiday in the country, and had been invited to the beautiful home of a sweet young thing named Agnes.

"What a charming place!" he said enthusiastically to Agnes's proud paternal parent. "Does it go as far as those woods over there?"

"It does," remarked the somewhat unympathetic P. P.

"Ah," said Tom, still cheerily, "and to that old stone wall over there, sir?"

"It does," came the gruff answer; "and it goes as far as the river on the south and to the main road on the north."

"Beautiful!" put in Tom.

"Yes, went on the old man; "but it doesn't go with Aggie!"

Then Tom faded peacefully from view.—Answers.

## Too Enthusiastic!

Some time ago two men met in a New York town, and after the cordial clutch, began to inquire after each other's family.

"By the way," said one of the pair, "how is your son making out, the one who went to Texas?"

"He isn't making out very well," answered the other, with a long drawn sigh. "As a matter of fact, they have got him in jail down there."

"Got him in jail?" exclaimed the first, in a surprised voice. "You don't really mean it! What in the world was the trouble?"

"It was this way," explained the second. "He studied law and got too eloquent. He was retained by a horse thief to defend him, and made such a wonderful plea that the judge held him as an unnecessary."—Philadelphia Telegraph.

## No Beauty For Him.

Haggerty and his wife were riding home on the street car. Haggerty was in that mellow state that urged him to be extra nice to his wife—to treat her as if he were courting her again, if you know what we mean. Haggerty's wife sought to divert him from the extravagant compliments he was paying her.

"Look, dear," she said. "There's a remarkably pretty girl sitting across the aisle from us, two rows back. I want you to notice her."

"Ah, my darling," whispered Haggerty, leaning close. "I have no eyes for beauty, now. I just want to look at you!"

That's the way he carried it too far, and confirmed her suspicious that he was the way he was.

## Oxford Terms.

A Rhodes scholar of Denver, speaking of Oxford, said:

"Oxford is a funny place. Magdalen is pronounced Maadlin there. 'Full term' means three-quarters of a term. 'General admission' day is the day, not when you enter, but when you leave. An 'ordinary degree' is one obtained by a special examination. An 'inspector of arts' is not an inspector, but a student."

"Confused by these things, a new Rhodes scholar said:

"How queer by jingo! How queer it all is! And if I go to the Oxford depot and ask for a ticket by train to London will they give me a passage by steamer to Marseilles?"—Exchange.

"King Lear is a great character," remarked the friend.

"Yes," answered the actor. "I suppose you remember my performance last season?"

"No. I must confess I have never seen you in the part."

"Indeed!" was the rejoinder, in a tone of gentle surprise. "Then how on earth did you know it was a great character?"—Liverpool Mercury.

When John Hays Hammond returned to this country after serving as special ambassador to the coronation of the King of England, somebody asked him: "Hammond, how does it feel to wear knee breeches as such a ceremony?"

"Oh," replied Hammond, "like playing third base when you're out of practice."—Popular Magazine.

"The last time I saw you you were all lit up over the fact that you had been lit on the ground floor on a big proposition."

"Well?"

"And now you are looking all broken up. What's the matter?"

"The elevator has already gone up and I stepped into the elevator shaft."

"Young Bliffer and Miss Wapple fell out yesterday."

"Do you think they will make up again?"

"I'm sure Miss Wapple will. They fell out of a motorboat."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

## Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

## The Poor Rich.

The Assessor glared at Mr. Fatchops as that well-known figure in the World of Big Money settled himself in the chair, and, having polished his gold-rimmed spectacles, beamed benignantly at his inquirer.

"You say you have no taxable property," the Assessor continued, "but you live in a very fine house on a very fine street."

"Of course I do," retorted Mr. Fatchops. "I have to live somewhere, don't I?"

"Don't try to be flippant, Mr. Fatchops. You are the owner of that house, are you not?"

"Mr. Fatchops's mouth expanded into an excited circle. "Why, bless you, young man, I don't own anything!"

"Who does own it, then?"

"I believe it belongs to the Fatchops Realty Association."

"Aren't you the Fatchops Realty Association yourself?"

"Oh, no, sir; I'm just a minor stockholder. I can show you the books at any time."

"You have an ocean yacht."

"No, sir; but I cruise sometimes in a boat belonging to the Fatchops Pleasure and Oating League."

"How about that country home in Virginia?"

"It belongs to the Fatchops Country Life Corporation."

"And that camp in the Adirondacks?"

"The Fatchops Open Air Society bought that from me long ago."

"At least," Mr. Fatchops you have some personal property in the way of stocks and bonds to declare."

"Not one, sir; although I understand the Fatchops Bond-holding Concern owns several."

"Then you declare on your oath that you own absolutely nothing which can be taxed?"

"Yes, sir; I do."

And stepping into the sixty horsepower motor owned by the Fatchops Touring and Automobile Guild, Mr. Fatchops proceeded to investigate some building lots which the Fatchops Investment Agency had recommended most highly to the Fatchops Joint Stock Company.—Lippincott's.

## An Endless Marathon.

A small negro boy was a regular attendant at a boy's reading club, and always called for the same book, and always turned to the same place, at which he looked eagerly, and then laughed heartily.

The attendant's curiosity was aroused by the performance, so he followed the little fellow one night, and, looking over his shoulder, saw that he opened the book at a picture of a bull chasing a terrified negro across a field. He was just about to ask what the joke was, for the laugh had come rippling up to him, when the boy looked around grinning.

"He ain't kotched him yet!" he cried, slapping his knees.—The Continent.

## Back to the Source.

Mr. Hoyle was a most indulgent father, but of late he had commenced to think that his son Arthur was taking advantage of his generosity.

"Why, when I was your age, young man," he said one morning, after a particularly urgent demand for more funds, "I didn't have as much money to spend in a month as you spend in a day."

"Well, dad, don't scold me about it," said the youth. "Why don't you go for grandfater?"—Harper's Magazine.

## On the Links.

Golfer—"I'm sorry to trouble you, madam, but you are directly on the line of our drive. Will you kindly move one way or the other?"

Woman (comfortably seated on the ground).—"Certainly not. I heard you shout very rudely, but I've no intention of moving. I should have thought that a gentleman, when he saw me here, would play the other way."—Punch.

## Nothing So Small.

A commercial traveller is on friendly terms with the porter of a sleeping car that he frequently uses.

"What do you think, James," announced the salesman one morning gleefully. "I have good news for you. We've had a birth in our family—twins."

"Dat am no berth, sah," said James, with a broad grin. "dat am a section!"

To prevent fat from spattering, when frying eggs or bacon, put a pinch of flour in the fat. This helps to keep the stove clean and saves you many a burn from the hot fat.

"He's a noted speaker on vice, labor, politics, modern dances, women's clothes, society, and other big questions of the day."

"Ah, a professional orator?"

"Not exactly; he's a minister of the gospel."—Exchange.

"What will you do with the \$20,000 if you get a verdict in your breach of promise suit?"

"I guess," said the dear girl, "I'll marry the lawyer. It's such an awful lot of money to let get out of one's hands."—Puck.

"What do you know against her?"

"Oh, nothing in particular, but how can she be all right? You never see anywhere without her husband. He must have some cause for being suspicious."

Mrs. Newrox—"Norah, serve the peas mashed."

Norah—"Mashed, mum?"

Mrs. Newrox—"Yes; it annoys my husband to have them roll off his knife."

Mrs. Muggs—"That horrid Mrs. Frills told Mrs. Nextdoor that I was a regular old cat. What do you think of that?"

Mr. Muggs—"I think she never saw you in the same room with a mouse."

The lowest human habitation is said to be that of the coal miners in Bohemia, some of whom make their dwellings at a point over 2,000 feet below the level of the sea.

She—"Do you love me as much when you are absent from me? He (fervently) I love you more, darling. She—"Oh why can't I be with you then?"—Boston Transcript.

Men and women are political equals in Iceland. The nation numbers 70,000 people and is governed by representatives elected by men and women together.

Mrs. Helter—"Tommy, don't you think you've had enough chocolates?"

Tommy—"No, mother. There are two left."—Life.

## Not If She Could Help It.

Ralph Perkins, an artist making a sketching tour through Rhode Island, chanced one day upon a picturesque old barn, so alluring to the eye that he sat down on a stone wall and immediately set to work.

He soon became aware that he had two spectators in the persons of the farmer and his wife, who had come out to watch him.

Presently the artist discovered that he had lost his rubber eraser, and, wishing to correct an error in the sketch, he went up to the farmer's wife and asked her if he might have a place of dry bread. This, as is universally known, makes a good eraser.

The farmer's wife looked at him with an expression of pity not unmingled with surprise.

"Dry bread?" she repeated. "Well, I guess you won't have to put up with dry bread from me, young man. I've got sons of my own out in the world. You come right into the kitchen with me, and I'll give you a nice slice of fresh bread with butter on it. No, not a word," she continued, raising her hand to ward off his explanations. "I don't care how you came to this state, nor anything about it; all I know is you're hungry, and I've never yet allowed anybody to leave my house craving food."—Lippincott's.

## In a Bad Case.

A gentleman who had the misfortune to lose his nose in a shooting accident had occasion daily on his way to business in Dublin, to pass an old beggar-woman, who invariably saluted him with the good-natured (but to him incomprehensible) prayer: "If I ever preserve your honor's eyesight."

The gentleman after vainly endeavoring to suggest to himself a satisfactory explanation of the curious wish, one day put it to the old woman.

"Why do you desire my eyesight preserving? There is nothing the matter with it."

"Well, your honor," replied the beggar-woman, "it will be a bad thing for you if ever your eyesight gets worse, for you'll have nothing to rest your spectacles on."

The Byplay Minstrels.

"Mister Interlocutor, can you tell me the difference between a man who lives on the second floor of a house and an astronomer?"

"No, Mr. Tambo, I cannot. Tell us the difference."

"One is up stairs and the other stares up."

Signer Addison Olds will now render that pathetic ballad: "Put On Your Heavies, Darling, for Them Autumn Days Has Come."

Practical.

"Miss Witting is a great walker. I see her out every morning strolling through the park."

"Yes, she says she's keeping in touch with nature."

"The last three mornings she has been walking with that handsome young man who works in the People's Bank."

"A sympathetic purveyor of bucolic harmony, no doubt."

"No, I think he's one of the tellers."

He's quite wealthy and prominent now," said Mrs. Starvem, "and they say he rose practically from nothing."

"Well, well!" remarked Mr. Boarder. "That's just what I rose from, at the breakfast table this morning."

London Answers.

First Ancient Maiden—I have often thought that suppose when a dentist gives you gas he should kiss you. Wouldn't it be horrible? Second Ancient Maiden—Horrible is not a name for it. Why, you wouldn't know anything about it.—Puck.

Ikokus—"Flubdub seems to have a wonderful opinion of his knowledge."

"Pokus: "I should say he has. Why, I have actually heard him attempt to argue with his son, who is in his freshman year at college."—Lippincott.

"The darn fool!"

"Who?"

"The Speedleys."

"Why?"

"They've mortgaged their automobile to buy a home."—Newark News.

Find the cause of each wrinkle on a man's face and you will find it was put there by worrying over something that worrying could not help.

Maid—

## Historical and Genealogical.

## Notes and Queries.

In sending matter to this department the following rules must be carefully observed: 1. Names and dates must be clearly written. 2. This column and address of the writer must be given. 3. Make all queries as brief as possible with clearness. 4. Write on one side of the paper only. 5. In answering queries always give the date of the paper, the number of the query and the signature. 6. Letters addressed to contributors, or to be sent to the editor, must be sent in stamped envelopes, accompanied by the number of the query and its signature. Direct all communications to: MISS E. M. TILLEY, Newport Historical Rooms, Newport, R. I.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 7, 1914.

## NOTES.

Rhode Island Chronology, by John S. Harber, Esq. Taken from manuscript of Dr. Henry E. Turner, now in possession of the Newport Historical Society.

Continued.

1731. Callender, Rev. John, ordained Pastor of 1st Baptist Church, Newport. 1733. 2nd Congregational Church built in Clark St.

1731. Coomer, Rev. John, died, May 23, at Ithaca, aged 29 yrs.

1739. Clarke, Rev. James, Pastor 2nd Bapt. Church, 35 yrs., died in Newport, aged 87 yrs.

1737. Clarke, Weston, formerly Attorney General, died June 22, 1737, aged 39 yrs.

1737. Crandall, Elder Joseph, 20 yrs. Pastor 7th day Bapt. Soc. died Sept. 12, 1738.

1738. Coloph House, now erected in Newport, of brick 80 ft. x 40 ft., on the site of the old one. Architect, Richard Munday. Commenced, Peter Bours, Erben Sanford, George Goulding and George Wenton. The old colony house removed to Prison Lane and made a dwelling. Still standing.

1738. Callender, Rev. John, delivers an historical discourse on the First Centennial anniversary of the Settlement of the Island, called Century Sermon.

1739. Cranston, Capt. John, appointed to command Fort George.

1741. Coventry Incorporated.

1744. Coddington, William, Grandson of 1st Gov. William, was killed by an explosion of gunpowder, together with Messrs. John Gidley and Sueton Grant, on Sept. 17. He was Town Clerk, and Mr. Callender's Century Sermon was dedicated to him.

1745. Cranston, Col. John, eldest son of Gov. C., died Oct. 15, ag. 61 yrs.

1745. Clapp, Rev'd Nath'l died, Oct. 30, ag. 78 yrs. - 1st Cong'l Ch.

1748. Census of Colony. 29755 whites, 4373 Indians and Blacks; total, 34123. Newport, 4610; Providence, 3152.

1748. Callender, Rev. John, died, Jan. 26, ag. 42 yrs.

1749. Claggett, William (clock-maker) died, Oct. 18, ag. 63 yrs. An experimental electrician.

1761. Carpenter, Col. Ezekiah, died March 15, ag. 62 yrs. Newport.

1751. Carter, Thomas, of Newport, executed at Tower Hill, South Kingstown, for murder of William Jackson of Virginia.

1764. 1st Colonial Congress met at Albany June 14. Delegates from Rhode Island, Stephen Hopkins and Martin Howard, Jr.

1765. Census, 35339 whites, 4697 Blacks and Indians; Newport 6764; Providence 8159.

1769. Court House of Brick to be built in Providence.

1761. Clarke, Joseph, Treasurer to 1792; 31 years.

1762. Coddington, Capt. John, commanding a large vessel belonging to Messrs. J. and W. Wanton, was lost by the vessel being struck by lightning. She was entirely consumed, with all on board.

1767. Casey, John, Quaker Preacher, died Oct. 11, ag. 73 yrs.

1769. Cooke, Nicholas, Dep. Gov. Also 1776.

1769. Campbell, Archibald, an Eminent Lawyer, died at East Greenwich, Oct. 13, ag. 41 yrs. He had one son Jacob, graduated at Rhode Island College. Studied law with General Vannum. Died March 6, 1783, aged 27 years. He had three sisters.

1772. Circus. The first equestrian performance in Rhode Island, and probably in America, occurred this year at Newport. Manager Bates.

1773. Census of New York City and County. Population 2576.

1774. Census of R. Island, 54435 whites, 1482 Indians, and 3761 negroes. Newport, population 9209. Providence, 4321.

(To be continued.)

Inscriptions on tombstones in Burial Place at Easton Farm Beach, Middletown. From manuscript of Dr. Henry E. Turner, now in possession of the Newport Historical Society.

Sayles, Mary, wife of John, died in ye year 1681, aged 45 years.

Sayles, John, died in ye year 1681, aged 18 years.

Easton, Nicholas, Esq. died Dec. 5, 1611, aged 79 years.

Easton, Jonathan, son of Nicholas and Hannah, died Jan. 1, 1775, ag. 5 mo. 23 da.

Green, William, died in ye year 1681, aged about 25 years.

Easton, Jonathan, Esq. died Mar. 4, 1782, in his 83d year.

Easton, Patience, wife of Jonathan, died.

Easton, Susannah, wife of Jonathan, died Oct. 5, 1774 in her 54th year.

Easton, Nicholas, son of Capt. Nicholas, died Apr. 6, 1723, in his 28th Y.

Curtis, Sarah, wife of Matthew, died Oct. 9, 1632, in her 26th year.

Hazard, Mary, wife of Dr. Enoch Hazard, born 1731, died 1838, daughter of Nicholas Easton.

Pearce, Hannah, wife of Samuel Pearce, and daughter of Nicholas Easton, born 1723, died 1821.

Easton, Elizabeth, daughter of Nicholas, died Apr. 12, 1864, aged 90 yrs.

Ladd, John Gardner, born at Newport, Mar. 16, 1771, died at Kingston, Jamaica, Jan. 4, 1819.

Ladd, Sarah, wife of John G. Ladd, and daughter of Nicholas and Hannah Easton, died Sept. 11, 1844, born June 27, 1778.

Irish, George, born July 19, 1761, died Feb. 21, 1840.

Irish, Patience, wife of George, daughter of Nicholas and Hannah Easton, born Apr. 2, 1771, died Feb. 27, 1849. - E. M. T.

## Queries.

1730. CLARKE--Ancestry desired of Joseph Clarke, of Charlestown (T), R. I., and Rev. service, if any. - R. M.

## ESSAY No. 32

## Takes First Prize \$25.

## The Titus Store And Its Methods.

Before the brilliantly illuminated Titus store one evening stood an elderly couple gazing at a completely furnished kitchen portrayed within the show window. Suddenly the old gentleman chuckled and said:

"Sally this is the store which had that clever advertisement about a waste-basket, what you need for what you don't need."

"Yes, John and just see that stove!" she exclaimed. "I'd love to cook my Thanksgiving dinner in it."

"Well," he replied, "Thanksgiving is our Golden Wedding, and we do need a new stove. Let's go in and see what we can get it for." Presently they were being conducted by a pleasant salesman through the wonderfully equipped store, pausing occasionally to admire the beautiful furniture and exquisite ornaments. Arriving at the rear building, they were able to buy at a reasonable price the stove dear to the old lady's heart--a Crawford Range.

The following day looking at the shining stove, John remarked, "Now, Sally, you must make a sponge cake." "Of course," she answered cheerily; and could the Titus Company have seen his face at the evening meal, they would have known that they had gained a successful store's greatest asset--a satisfied customer.

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You'll want to know more about cold weather sports in the White Highlands if you read

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Providence  
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142 Spring Street.

## STATE OF RHODE ISLAND.

House of Representatives,  
Providence, Feby. 5, 1914.

## Public Hearing.

## Newport City Charter.

The Committee on Judiciary of the House of Representatives will hear all persons interested in House Bill 21 entitled, "An Act to amend certain sections of Chapter 152 of the Public Laws, entitled an act to revise, consolidate and amend the charter of the City of Newport, and to amend the several acts in amendment thereof and in addition thereto, passed April 19, 1907, proposing changes in the city charter of the City of Newport, in Superior Court Room, Old State House, Newport, on Monday, February 16, 1914, at 11 o'clock a. m."

ARTHUR P. SUMNER,  
Chairman.ARTHUR A. RHODES,  
Clerk.

2-1-14

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Musical Store.

## Delinquent Taxpayers.

## NOTICE.

The Undersigned hereby gives public notice that all taxes assessed for the year 1913 which are delinquent at the close of business

FEBRUARY 20, 1914,

will be collected by levy and public sale of the real estate upon which the said unpaid taxes are a lien, and all costs incident thereto will be added to the original claim.

E. W. THURKE,  
Collector of Taxes.  
Newport, R. I., Jan. 20, 1914.-124

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THE ENGRAVED

SCRIPT, ROMAN, OLD ENGLISH

MERCURY PUB. CO.,

182 THAMES ST.

County of Providence, Middletown, R. I.,

January 18, A. D. 1914.

State of Sarah C. Coggeshall, Plaintiff, vs. HARRIET B. CHASE, the Guardian of the person and estate of Sarah C. Coggeshall, Widow, a person of full age, Defendant, in the County, her right account with said estate, and thereon, prays that the same may be examined, allowed and accounted.

Said account contains a credit for the proceeds from the sale of certain real estate of said Sarah C. Coggeshall, authorized by said Court. It is ordered that the consideration of said case be referred to the Court of Probate, to be held at the Town Hall, in said Middletown, on Monday, the sixteenth day of February next, A. D. 1914, at one o'clock p. m., and that notice thereof be published for fourteen days, once a week, in the Newport Mercury.

ALBERT L. CHASE, Probate Clerk.

184-11

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Address S. W. R. Box 22, Peace Isle R. I.

Candidates for U. S. Senators are announcing themselves with clock-work regularity from all parts of the country. Under the popular election plan which is now the law of the land it is a case no longer of the office seeking the man. The man now seeks the office--a la Newport style.

There were 321 labor strikes in Massachusetts last year affecting 50,000 employees and many employers.

## Carr's List.

The After House, a mystery story by Mary Roberts Rinehart.

The Devil's Garden, by W. D. Maxwell.

As usual we have a very nice line of Valentine Post Cards and Fancy Cards.

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In effect Sept. 15, 1913.

A car will leave Washington Square Week Days at 7:40 a. m., making close connection through to Providence by the way of Bristol arriving at Union Station, Providence, at 9:30 a. m. The other trips through the day will remain the same, leaving Newport at 50 minutes past the hour until 5:50 p. m. SUNDAYS connecting through to Providence leaving Newport each hour from 8:50 a. m. to 7:50 p. m.

G. W. TOWLE,  
Superintendent

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